I could have wiſh'd that it had been my Fate,
My Life with thine had bore no longer Date,
That after Death, I equaliz'd might be
As here on Earth, in thy love Company.
It cannot be,----I doubtful muſt remain
Of ever bearing ſuch a Sway again;
Thy Son, ſo great and wiſe, a Boſom Friend
Requireth not; he's one whom God did ſend;
One truly virtuous, one that's All-divine,
And does the Sun at Noon-day, far out ſhine;
And ſhe hath learnt of Heaven ſo much below,
That when arriv'd, ſhe'll ſcarce have more to know;
A Soul ſo calm, it knows no Ebbs or Flows,
Which Paſſion can but curl, not diſcompoſe.
What Hope remains for me, I'll not aſſume,
But in prophetick Manner ſpeak my Doom.
Sov'reigns, are ever jealous of their State;
Forgive not thoſe whom once they mark for Hate;
Ev'n tho' the Offence they ſeemingly digeſt,
Revenge, like Embers rak'd, within the Breaſt,
Burſts forth in Flames; whoſe unreſiſted Pow'r
Will ſeize th' unwary Wretch, and ſoon devour.
Secure me then from his foreſeen Intent,
That what his Wrath may doom, my Cunning may
prevent.

F I N I S.

1490.f.3.

A

POEM

ON THE

MARRIAGE

Of His GRACE the

DUKE of *NEWCASTLE*

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

The Lady *Henrietta Godolphin*,

Inſcrib'd to His GRACE.

By Mr. *EUSDEN*.

—*Non ulla Deo meliore cohærent*
Pectora, non alias decuit Concordia mentes. Stat.

The SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

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A

POEM

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MARRIAGE

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DUKE of NEWCASTLE

To the Right Honourable

The Lady Henrietta Godolphin

Daughter to His Grace

By Mr. ADDISON

To His GRACE the

DUKE of *NEWCASTLE.*

WHILE *Gothick* Arms begin t' infeſt the Times
Already far debauch'd with *Gothick* Rhimes,
While baneful Faction would its Pow'r advance
By Popiſh Chains, and *Vandal* Ignorance,
Illuſtrious Youth! indulgently excuſe
The fond, weak Sallies of an artleſs Muſe;
Who would the Triumphs of thy Love rehearſe
In ſoft-breath'd Muſick, and un-labour'd Verſe.

Hail! darling Pride to the *Pierian* Maids!
Hail! learn'd Frequenter of their ſecret Shades!
For Thee in largeſt Rills their Fountains flow,
Their Voices warble, and their Lawrels grow.
Oh! could I reach tranſcendent Worth with Praiſe,
And *Roman* Virtues paint in *Roman* Lays,
A *Britiſh Pollio* the pleas'd World ſhould view
More bright, than *Pollio*, whom a *Virgil* drew.
Contending Orators ſhould yield the Prize,
And o'er a *Trajan* a *Newcaſtle* riſe.
But Thou, fair Charmer of his glorious Breaſt,
Thou with whole Nature's Gifts profuſely bleſt,
While thus I rove amid the tuneful Throng,
Vouchſafe to liſten, and adorn my Song.
Still flow the Verſe, like thy own Thoughts, ſerene,
Sweet, as thy Voice, and eaſie, as thy Mien.
May thoſe bright Eyes inſpire each happy Line,
And all thy Beauties in my Numbers ſhine.

On proud *Olympus* is the lov'd Abode,
And awful Manſion of the thund'ring God:
The Ruler of the Skies there keeps his Court,
And there the crowding Deities reſort.

Each circling Year records, how vengeful Earth
With Monſters teem'd, and gave the Giants Birth,
While the great Sire of Gods and Men ordains
A Feaſt for Trophies won on *Phlegra*'s Plains.
Th' Immortals ſport, and revel in Delight,
And drink, and laugh, and love away the Night.
It chanc'd, as flowing *Nectar* warm'd the Soul,
And *Ganymede* ſupply'd th' exhauſted Bowl,
Gay *Cytherëa* from her Silence broke,
And thus to the reſerv'd *Tritonia* ſpoke.

Fam'd Goddeſs of the Spear, whom Danger charms,
Whoſe melting Muſick is the Din of Arms;
Whence is that clouded Brow, that penſive Mood?
Are no Scenes pleaſing, but the Scenes of Blood?
How ſoft the Groans, which dying Legions yield!
How ſweet the Proſpect of a gory Field!
For future Pleaſures, what Deſigns are form'd,
Of Countries ravag'd, and of Cities ſtorm'd?
With brave *Eugenio* will th' Heroick Maid
Shatter th' aſpiring Bulwarks of *Belgrade*?
Or if Polite Diverſions are decreed,
Seek the ſmooth Converſe of the courtly *Swede*?

By Thee inſtructed, he may draw new Schemes,
And break th' Illuſions of Ambitious Dreams:
Not madly aim at fix'd *Britannia*'s Throne,
But ſtrive to prop the Ruins of his own.
To thee I muſt a ſecret Truth declare,
Britannia is become my Fav'rite Care.
Her Sons confeſs their Stemm, and pleas'd I trace
The well-known Features of th' *Æneân* Race.
In that bleſt Iſle Triumphant Beauty reigns,
And willing Youth wears Love's delightful Chains.
Not ev'n *Auguſtus* dares to diſobey,
His *Carolina*'s Looks confirm my Sway.

The Warrior-Virgin with a Frown reply'd,
Dull are thy Taunts, and fooliſh is thy Pride.
Go, happy Queen! in empty Form excell;
Still on thy Glaſs, or glaſſie Fountains dwell.
Oft tho' in Arms, amid diſcolour'd Scenes,
Unpleas'd I view not Meads, and flow'ry Greens.
What, tho' my Hand can launch the whizzing Spear,
A Wreath of Olive is the Wreath I wear.
Let Northern Blaſts *Dofrenian* Mountains chill,
I only viſit the *Parnaſſian* Hill.

Suedia's

Suedia's rough Prince may in Encampments freeze,
Or try his floating Oaks on *Britiſh* Seas,
My Pow'r ſhall *Brunſwick*'s lawful Crown protect,
And ſtill his Councils, and his Arms direct.
But ſay, thou fruitful Mother of Deſires,
Feels ev'ry *Britiſh* Youth thy ſoft'ning Fires?
Has none the Courage to diſpute thy Reign,
And are the Labours of *Minerva* vain?
See! in the Front a Young *Patrician* ſtands,
Who ſcorns thy Sway, and laughs at thy Commands.
He with the Treaſures of learn'd *Rome* is bleſt,
And all my *Athens* has enlarg'd his Breaſt.
Adorn'd by Nature, and improv'd by Arts,
Beauty he ſees, but Beauty has no Darts.
His Soul glows only with the Patriot's Flame;
Why need I add, *Newcaſtle* is the Name?

No more would *Venus* the Conteſt renew,
But ſmiling roſe, and ſilently withdrew.
She bids th' attending Train of little Loves
Prepare the Silken Harneſs for her Doves.
Then in an Iv'ry Car with Purple Reins
She guides her ſnowy Birds, and *Cyprus* gains.

High

High on a Mount, crown'd with unfading Green,
Her coſtly Palace from afar is ſeen.
Here Ruby-Walls, and Agate-Steps ariſe,
And Jaſper-Pavements ſtrike the wond'ring Eyes.
Here ev'ry Senſe its full Enjoyments meets
In circling Pleaſures, and a Maze of Sweets.
Thro' ſpicy Groves eternal *Zephyrs* play,
By Night no Mildews, and no Clouds by Day.
Still Flow'rs of various Hue, unbidden, grow,
Birds chaunt above, and Fountains purl below.
At *Cytherea*'s Nod the Graces pour
Ambroſial Eſſence in a laviſh Show'r.
The Nymphs, induſtrious with an artful Care,
Check the bold Freedoms of her wand'ring Hair.
Here, rufflʼd Treſſes to ſmooth Curls are wrought,
And there, a graceful Negligence is taught.
Love's firm Aſſociates in long Pomp advance,
The ſweet Deportment, and the ſpeaking Glance.
Perfidious Vows, with well-diſſembl'd Tears,
Fantaſtick Hopes, and more fantaſtick Fears.
With careleſs Looks, and richly gay Attire
Shines roſie Youth, and rowls her Eyes of Fire.
Round her Perſuaſion languiſhingly clung,
And Harmony thrill'd melting from her Tongue;

While close appear'd with their enchanting Pow'rs,
Array'd in whitest Robes, the smiling Hours.

Bright *Venus* now, in all her Charms confest,
The wanton *Cupid* to her Bosom prest.
In soothing Sounds she cry'd, My fav'rire Boy,
The Source of ev'ry Care, and ev'ry Joy!
Sweet Energy, and blest Increase of Love,
God of the Gods, and Conqueror of *Jove*!
Not his almighty Hand, like thine, can aim
So sure a Bolt, or spread so swift a Flame.
'Tis by thy Pow'r my unresisted Reign
Extends thro' Heav'n, and Earth, and Air, and Main.
But to support that Sway one Toil bestow,
New point thy Arrows, and new string thy Bow:
Cull from the golden Store the noblest Dart
To gain a Triumph o'er the noblest Heart.
In the lov'd Palace, fair *Britannia*'s Court,
Where Nymphs, the Rivals to my Nymphs, resort,
Oft shines a Youth, to whose rich Mind alone
The Charms of Beauty are the Charms unknown.
Who, high in Honours, soars as high in Sense,
And from his Virtues claims Pre-eminence.

For whom with Joy th' *Aonian* Lyres are ſtrung,
Whom *Phœbus* loves, and whom his *Garth* has ſung.
But with vain Words thy Conqueſt I delay:
Alone *Newcaſtle* has not own'd our Sway.
Awhile let *Venus* o'er *Minerva* boaſt
In the true Lover the true Patriot loſt.
Yet grateful be his Wounds, and ſweet his Pain,
Teach him to Sigh, but not to Sigh in vain.
His *Phœnix*-worth muſt ſhun the *Phœnix*-ſtate,
Unleſs his Life could ſhare her wond'rous Fate,
And learn by Death ſtill to renew its date.
In Pity to Mankind Love's Joys inſpire,
Leaſt future Ages with vain Tears require
The living Images of ſuch a Sire.

She ſpoke, and ſwift th' obedient *Cupid* flies
On Southern Winds, and cleaves the yielding Skies:
Fir'd, and tranſported with the ſweet Commands,
He ſped his Flight, and reach'd the *Britiſh* Lands.
Auguſta firſt he ſought, thence up-wards ſprings,
And hov'ring ſtoop'd again, and clos'd his Wings,
Nigh where the *Mole*, long diving in the Ground,
Starts up a-freſh, and wond'ring looks around:

Sees ſtately Piles adorn his verdant Coaſts,
And *Chargate* in a riſing *Claremont* boaſts.
Not *Guadiana*, the *Heſperian* Pride,
Who rouls unſeen, below, a ſilent Tide,
Enjoys, when burſting out, ſo pure an Air,
Or views her Banks crown'd with a Tow'r ſo fair.
Variety of Sylvan Scenes compleat
Th' unrival'd Pleaſures of this Rural Seat.
Our wand'ring Eyes th' Embelliſhents behold,
Which *Roman* Bards to *Villa*'s lent of old.
What *Statius* fancy'd, or what *Claudian* drew,
The boldly-feign'd Deſcriptions here are true.
Here the great Lord thoſe Wonders can produce,
He tills the Wilds, and tames them into uſe.
He bids the barren Waſte with Plants be crown'd,
And ſoftens Rocks into a fruitful Ground.
The yielding Earth obeys his *Vanbrook*'s Will,
Sinks to a Vale, or riſes to a Hill.
The God of Love now gains th' enchanting Seats,
Of Eccho, Fauns, and Nymphs the green Retreats.
He hears, and ſees Birds warbling thro' the Glades,
And treads on breathing Flow'rs in Myrtle Shades.
Deluded by known Sweets, he ſeems to rove
Still in the Grotto's of the *Paphian* Grove.

At laſt He reach'd the Manſions, fram'd to pleaſe,
The proud Aſcent is conquer'd, here, with eaſe;
There, in ſteep Proſpect, Woods, and Streams delight,
And Domes, and diſtant Turrets fill the Sight.
The Deity, with Shades encompaſs'd 'round,
Secret paſt on, and young *Mæcenas* found.
On a rich *Tyrian* Couch his Limbs were ſpread,
And awful *Maro*'s hallow'd Page he read,
Where *Gallus* tunes his Grief, and ſweetly mourns,
While proud *Lycoris* for his Rival burns.
He ſmil'd at Sorrows, which he thought ſo vain,
Nor pity'd an imaginary Pain.
But by degrees his Breaſt began to beat,
And pant, and glow with an unuſual Heat.
Godolphin's Image in his Mind he views,
And ſtill the ſweet Idëa he purſues.
Much he revolves the Pleaſures of her Face,
Much the long-ſhining Virtues of her Race.
A Race, which greatly has th' Example ſhown
To raiſe the Publick Treaſures, not it's own.
A Race, diſtinguiſh'd in th' united Charms
Of conqu'ring Beauty, and of conqu'ring Arms.
Unnumber'd Thoughts unnumber'd Ways inſpire
The luſcious Poyſon, and the pleaſing Fire.

His *Claremont* now begins to look leſs fair,
For *Cupid* was, but not *Godolphin* there.
He ſeeks *Auguſta* to regain his Reſt,
Nor knows, he bears the Sting within his Breaſt.
Thence to the Court, in fond Purſuit of Eaſe,
He haſtes; the Court ſoon doubles his Diſeaſe.
In artful Meaſures a bright Throng advance,
But *Henrietta* there adorn'd the Dance.
Such Looks had *Helen*, and ſo ſweet a Mien,
At *Sparta* dancing firſt by *Paris* ſeen.
Motions, like theſe, that boaſted Flame begun,
He ſaw, He lov'd, and whom He lov'd, He won.

Mean time the God convey'd an equal Dart
With ſilent Stealth to *Henrietta*'s Heart.
Newcaſtle ſhining in the pompous Throng,
She look'd, and wonder'd, why She look'd ſo long.
Something, She felt, She ſaw, unſeen before;
Again She look'd, and felt, She ſtill ſaw more.
A ſoft Confuſion in Her Face appear'd
Unconſcious, what She hop'd, or what She fear'd.
She thought him tremble too with new Surprize,
She heard his Speech, imperfect by his Sighs,
And ſtartl'd at the Language of his Eyes.